

# Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1804.

NO 734

## THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

[CONTINUED.]

Short is Ambition's gay, deceitful dream,  
Tho' wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow;  
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,  
And Time's cold breath dissolves the wish'ring bough.

Ogilvie.

THE Earl expressed his surprise at lady Margaret's violent emotions; Elfrida wept for her sufferings; even Edgar was agitated, though he knew not why; but the Countess was silent, though she fixed her eyes on him with insatiable eagerness; but suddenly recollecting that the Earl had not taken any refreshment since his arrival, she prevailed on him to attend the feast which was prepared for his reception. The Countess could not grace it with her presence, and Lady Margaret's illness had rendered Elfrida unfit for festivity; therefore, the Earl and his youthful guest were constrained to descend alone. Their meal was soon concluded, and the Earl left his retainers and vassals to partake without restraint of the sumptuous feast which was prepared for them, and retired with Edgar to an inner apartment, that they might converse more freely on their future plans.

vanced in her third pregnancy; but her children had died in infancy. During the Baron's absence, the Count Vinulli arrived from Normandy, to visit his kinsman, whose heir he was, if the Baron died childless. The incautious and unsuspecting Baroness admitted him to the castle, where he soon after introduced a body of Brabantians, under pretence of guarding the castle from the attacks of the Scottish Borderers, but, in reality, to secure himself the possession of it, should the Baron fall in the wars: he did fall, ingloriously, in a moment of fancied security; he fell by the hand of an assassin; the dreadful news was conveyed to the Baroness, whose violent emotions of grief brought on the sad hour of nature's trial; the child died. Bridget then lived in the family; the Baroness recovered slowly; and the Count Vinulli declared himself lord of all the late Baron's domains; the weeping Baroness, too, became his prisoner, because she had refused to become his wife. Grief silently consumed her, and his brutality hastened the period of her woes. The new baron proclaimed, that she had escaped from the castle; but Bridget thought she died, and was privately interred."

"It is very strange!" said the Earl: "but these

"Not much, my Lord.

"Relate all," said Albany.

Edgar bowed, and proceeded:—"One day, I had incautiously strayed nearer than usual to the castle: suddenly a person appeared, whom I knew by description, to be the Baron, attended by a numerous retinue, who had followed him to the chase. Impelled by an irresistible curiosity, I waited his approach, being desirous of seeing the man of whom I had heard so much; but, suddenly recollecting a sentence of Bridget's, I repeated, "Ah! he has murdered the widow, and robbed the orphan of his inheritance." The sight of him became painful to me, and I shrank from his view, for his eyes glared on me with a look of horror and amazement. I related my adventure to Bernardine, and he chid me for disobeying his commands. "Rash boy!" cried he; "why have you tempted your own destruction?" I intreated him to tell me what I had to fear; but he was inflexibly silent. I soon after retired to my homely couch; but sleep was a stranger to my eyes; and, during the greater part of the night, I heard Bridget and Bernardine in close conversation; and frequently they mentioned Edgar in tones of pity. Early in the morning, Bernardine called to me, and bade me keep myself all day concealed, for fear the Baron should send in pursuit of me. I thought this precaution very strange; yet I promised to obey. He then left me, to pursue his usual occupation. Bridget brought my breakfast, and, with tearful eyes, repeated the injunctions of her husband, who soon after returned, apparently in great distress; and while he talked apart to my reputed mother, she wept bitterly; and from their conversation I discovered that the Baron had sent spies round the forest in pursuit of me; and some of them had interrogated Bernardine as to the place of my concealment. "his countenance has betrayed him," cried Bridget: "ah! this is what I have always feared." "There is yet one way to save him," cried Bernardine; "I will make him a soldier, and then let him fight for

himself." The worthy creature shed a torrent of tears; but at last she gave an extorted consent. Father Thomas was summoned; he applauded the resolution of Bernardine, prayed for the success of our holy expectation, and promised to protect Bridget till the return of his brother. They then conversed for a long time in private, while Bridget wept over me with maternal tenderness, and lamented the sad cause of our unhappy separation.

Early the next morning we left the peaceful abode of my youth amidst the tears and blessings of my maternal friend. Bernardine emphatically recommended his wife to the care of his brother, who promised to provide her a secure retreat in a neighboring convent.

The affection sorrow of Bridget had made an impression on my heart that required all the rhetoric of Bernardine to subdue. At length he succeeded, and my youthful bosom bounded with joy at the idea of sharing in those glorious exploits on which Bernardine expatiated with all the ardor of military enthusiasm. Bernardine had in youth been a soldier, and he gladly availed himself of the foregoing occurrences to return to those old habits of life which custom had rendered

Not to tire by unnecessary prolixity. I will briefly relate some of the most remarkable events which occurred during my journey, and my arrival in safety at the Holy Land. Those circumstances which introduced me to the honor of your Lordship's notice need not be repeated.

"Did Bernardine never explain himself to you on the motives which induced him to leave England so abruptly?" asked the Earl.

"Never, my Lord; otherwise than by saying, that if my valor should recommend me to the notice of my King, it would glad his heart to say that I was defended from a race of heroes, whose heir it would do him honor to protect."

"I believe it," replied Lord Albany; "and confess myself as anxious as you can be to investigate those occurrences which placed you under his care. We will depart in a few days for the retreat of Father Thomas. If he and Bridget yet live, there will be but little difficulty in ascertaining your birth. Whatever may be the nature of those events which he had to disclose, they cannot operate to your disadvantage. If you have no parents living to receive and protect you, you shall never want a friend while Albany is on this side eternity; nor can you stand in need of a protector, while our heroic Prince cherishes the remembrance of your recent bravery."

Edgar bowed. An attendant entered, to request the Earl's presence in the chamber of the Countess. He followed her; and Edgar retired to the terrace which surrounded the castle, to enjoy the refreshing breezes of a clear autumnal evening, and to reflect at leisure on the disinterested kindness of his noble patron. Nor are we quite certain but the sentiments of respect which he felt for him were heightened by those of a more tender nature, with which the fair, interesting Elfrida had inspired him.

Here, then, let us leave him, and follow Albany into the chamber of the Countess, who, on his entrance, dismissed her attendant, and, supported only by her own Elfrida, arose to meet him, "Do not, I entreat you, my dear Ger-

Edgar," cried the Earl, "I have been out on our expedition to Anglewood, in pursuit of this Father Thomas, who is, I suppose, acquainted with your real connections. Do you know Father Thomas, or have you any clew that can guide you to the mystery of your birth?"

"None, my Lord" replied our knight, "My dawning reason first expanded beneath the humble roof of Bernardine, whose fostering care, and unremitting tenderness, never allowed even a supposition that I had in reality no claim upon his affections." [The Earl sat musing while Edgar paused.] "Frequently," cried Edgar, refusing the conversation, "while Bernardine and myself have watched our flocks on the mountains that look towards the castle of Fitzalaric, would he gaze first on its lofty towers, and then on me; deep sighs would burst from his heart, and the tear would tremble in his eye; then, suddenly recollecting himself, he would charge me never to venture into the presence of Baron Fitzalaric, the owner of those domains. "Ah," I would answer, "it is not likely that a great Baron should notice a shepherd boy." "I hope he will never see you," cried Bernardine; "for if he does, your mother will die of grief." "What, would he take me from you?" said I. "Ask no questions," replied he; "but go not near that castle, if you value your own safety." I promised to obey him, but his words sunk deep into my heart, and I fancied there was some mystery, in which I was concerned. I assailed Bridget, my reputed mother, but she evaded all my enquiries; only she told me long stories of dark deeds that had been acted at the castle, to which I listened with great avidity. The sum of it was, that the late owner had married a most beautiful lady, but she was the daughter of his inveterate enemy, who was cruel and implacable. He never forgave her breach of duty; and when he died, he left all his possessions to his other children. In the mean time, Baron Fitzalaric attended our late king Henry in his Scottish wars, and left his lady, the late Baroness, far ad-

rude," cried the Earl, "distress me by unnecessary courtesy from the woman that Albany is proud to call his own: let him receive no homage but that of the heart."

The Countess bowed gracefully as she replied—"not to honor thy virtues, would betray a poverty of sentiment that thy Gertrude is a stranger to. But, come, sit down; I have something of consequence to impart to you:—sit down, and listen."

The Earl obeyed, and the Countess soon after asked him, if he had personally known the late Baron Fitzallanrick? "I served with him in the Scottish war," replied the Earl;—"though we were not on terms of intimacy." "Then, perhaps," said the Countess, "you have never been smitten with the strong resemblance which the youth whom you have brought hither bears to him?"

The Earl paused for a moment, and replied—"I have frequently wondered why I was so familiar with the features of Edgar, and have often endeavored to trace the cause which so tenderly endeared him to my heart."

"Hear me," cried the Countess, "and be patient while I inform you, that the person whom you received here as my relation, Lady Margaret Douglas, is no other than the widow of the late Baron Fitzallanrick."

The Earl stood transfixed with astonishment, while he indignantly exclaimed—"Why have her claims been so long concealed from me? Was not the sword of Albany ever ready to defend the injured?"

The Countess replied—"When she fled hither for refuge from a cruel tyrant, the whole of her wishes were centered in secrecy and concealment. She had no hopes of being restored to her family; she had no children; interest her in no way."

verely wounded, and her heart, though strong, but tranquility and retirement. To avoid, if possible, the mention of her misfortunes, she assumed the name of Lady Margaret Douglas, and as such I received her; but immediately after your departure, she informed me of her real name, situation, and connections; entreated my pardon for the innocent fraud she had practised on me, and recalled to my remembrance those happy days of thoughtless innocency which we had passed together at the Castle of Mac Kenrick. My heart acknowledged the dear companion of my infant years: I wept for her sorrows, and commiserated her misfortunes. She continued with me, and I trust has received every possible mark of tenderness and affection. Her health is considerably improved, and her spirits have gained the mild tenor of patient resignation."

Here the Countess paused, through weakness, and the Earl took that opportunity of relating the conversation which he had held with Edgar.

"It must be so," cried the Countess: "he certainly is the offspring of the amiable Fitzallanrick and his ill-treated Elenora. I have not strength to repeat the tale, but Elfrida will relate it to you."

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### ANECDOTES.

COL. BODENS, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with "How'd'y'd," answered, "pretty well, I thank you; you see I hold my own."—"Yes, Sir," rejoined the other, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

THE word *addition* is often used of late to signify ornament. "I think," said a farmer the other day, "it will be a great *addition* to my garden, if I make it smaller, and take better care of it."

To the Editor of the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Sir, THE enclosed lines on the death of Mrs. Nancy were written by a young lady of fifteen years of age, and one who has more than the advantage of a common education; should you think that they possess both merit for a place in your paper, you will oblige your humble servant by inserting them.

#### LINES

##### ON THE DEATH OF MRS. NANCY

NANCY, methinks, with grief and sorrow deep,  
Around thy tomb, with green grass cover'd o'er,  
I see thy friends repair, repair to weep,  
Think of thy virtues, and thy loss deplore.

"What grief is mine," I hear thy father cry,  
"My daughter sleeps beneath this mould'ring clay";  
Then from his bosom heav'd a piercing sigh,  
And turning round, wail'd pensively away.

"Her form was lovely," the fond mother cries,  
"Amiable sweetest, thine throughout the whole";  
"Each look was beauty, while the modest eyes,  
Express'd the generous feelings of her soul."

In hopeless sorrow the sad husband stands;  
In fight and tears he vents his burning grief;  
Holding his helpless infant in his hands,  
While friends and neighbors strive to give relief.

"Mourn, mourn not thus," some plying angel says,  
"Perhaps she's happy in the realms of day";  
"Perhaps, high in the heavens for you she prays,  
"Then cease to mourn, my friends, and come away."

"How can I cease to mourn, while on my mind,  
"Impaired deep, the picture of her life";  
"Think on my pretty babe that's left behind,  
"Without a mother, I without a wife."

I see her aged parents bow with grief,  
Large drops of sorrow rolling down each cheek;  
I strive to soothe them, strive to give relief;  
Sorrow chokes utterance, and I cannot speak.  
Now, now I hear thy gentle spirit say,  
"Weep not, my tender parents, at my fate,

"My heart is here, my mother's breast is mine;  
"I am happily happy here above,  
"Earthly concerns no more shall trouble me;  
"For I am happy in my Saviour's love,  
"Than e'er I was, Oh when with thee."

#### VERSES

##### WRITTEN TO MISS P——, ON HER INTENDED MARRIAGE TO THE AUTHOR'S SON.

IN age so distant can you wish me to write  
On so peaceful a theme as domestic delight?  
Be it so—since my conduct is ruled by its power,  
And peace, truth and harmony blesses each hour.  
O you, then, who mean soon to try its effect,  
Whose prudent engagements may heaven direct,  
Remember—to listen each heart-rending care,  
You must pardon that maxim of *HEAVEN'S* and *FOUNDED*:  
For the tempest which sometimes deforms the clear day,  
A mild shower my dear girl, has been known to allay;  
Or should anger, misjudging, dictate sharp replies,  
By opposing sweet patience the hurricane dies.

To the youth of your choice I'd now offer a word—  
Or let filial duty pronounce it absurd  
For affection maternal a caution to write,  
Tho despisers of wedlock may scorn it as trite:  
Observe the bright rose, when assail'd by a storm,  
Her leaves fold'd and drooping, and spoil'd her fair form,  
If with care you protect it, recovers her bloom,  
And each soft-swelling bud their fine tints resume.  
So the female, who shrinks from the view of distress,  
By kind tenderness rais'd, your indulgence shall bless;  
While reason, sense, prudence, concealer'd shall prove  
The sure guardians of peace, and companions of love.

##### TO MISS ———, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

MAY this best day distinguish'd lustre wear,  
And shine the brightest in the coming year;  
No frown glooms his radiant face annoy,  
No care, no anxious thought, your bliss destroy;  
But every pleasure, every blessing meet,  
To make your happiness this day complete!  
May ——— thus perfect, thus complete—fill life;  
May each succeeding year excel the past;  
While Nature's self, exhausted of her store,  
Shall kindly give, till thou canst ask no more.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### DISSIPATION.

SUCH of life is the influence of corruption, profligacy and temptation; such the silly, precipitation, and inflexible obstinacy of youth, that nature, as almost lost the way of care; instinct obedience; education attention. The injunctions of creative wisdom are treated with contumacy; the value of a good reputation with levity and disdain, and the solicitations of paternal affection with disregard and repugnance.

Dissipation is the bane of social intercourse, friendship and love; the enemy of order, peace and harmony; and the companion of ignominy, indigence and ruin.

The Parent is diligent in accumulating property for his child, in leading him in the paths of virtue, in protecting his person from mischief or disease, and in doing all that will contribute to his welfare or happiness; But, the latter is carousing in haunts of midnight travelling, wallowing in sensuality, glorying in desolation. See—his debilitated body,—ghastly, consumptive countenance,—trembling knees; See—his bloated visage,—blood shot eyes,—enervated mind; See—his estate wasted,—his character vilified,—his tender parent done with sympathetic sorrow; See—him tortured with pain in a perpetual contest with vitiation and spleen,—his imagination terrified with horrid spectres, when the guilty conscience is sure to create. Thus, like the careless insect fluttering around the blaze ready to consume it, he dances on the brink of perdition. Thus, he proceeds on in his course till unexpectedly at the old age of twenty five, he is nipped off like a flower in its bloom. What sad returns are these of filial gratitude? Alas! instead of flourishing in all the sprightliness and vigor of youth, pursuing the path of virtue and all the duties of life, he is seen his countenance blank, his mind dull, and the grey head go drooping to the ground with sorrow. What then is more odious, what more criminal? By giving a life to our propensities; by dishearing to the voice of nature and conscience and setting at naught the councils and admonitions of our parents we not only become sensualists to the eye of the world but fellow-companions with Satan. Men are seldom satisfied with enjoying those transitory pleasures alone; they must solicit a few of their companions, whom by frequent importunity and elevated ideas of immediate and continual happiness, they plunge headlong into everlasting ruin. Hence it becomes heinous in two-fold point of view.

#### ALMANAC, &c.

##### OBSERVATIONS, PROGNOSTICATIONS, AND DIRECTIONS FOR 1804.

THE poor people in Greenland will have a bitter cold winter this year; whereas the Creoles in the West Indies, will hardly have ice enough to cool their Madeira. As for us, we shall have a warm January, and somewhat snowy, rainy and sunshine: if I lie never trust me more.

If the wind does not blow from the South this month, we shall have it from the East; or the N. except it come from the West. For my own part I have never yet known a South wind blow from the North east, though I have often than once felt an Easterly blast blow from the South West.

This year, people will not laugh very heartily at any joke that touches themselves to the quick; and your bad critics will discover much more merit in the clumsy performances of their friend, than in productions of the truest spirit, where they are acquainted with the author; but especially if they have any personal dislike to him.

Great numbers of our good-for-nothing fellows will die before this year is at an end.



The mortality will range no where more violently than in the inns and other publick places; but it will not extend to men of true taste; for it does not appear from the best of our prognostications, that in all those resorts of the learned, brisk, and lively, so much as one who deserves to be ranked in that class shall perish during the entire course of the present year.

#### NEW-YORK: SATURDAY, January 21, 1804.

The number of deaths in this city for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are adults 22—children 17—Total 39.

Tuesday evening, about 8 o'clock, one *Thomas Nevins*, a seafaring man, who resided at No. 45 Pearl street, had a quarrel with his wife, and beat her in so unmerciful a manner that she died. He was immediately apprehended and is now in confinement.

#### DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

The sch'r *Farmer*, J. P. Schott, jun. master, sailed from Boston for the West Indies, on the 28th Dec. 1803. In the afternoon anchored in Nantucket Roads, and lay there waiting for a favorable wind until Jan. 2d, 1804, when she set sail with the wind to the N. W. that evening about 8 o'clock, it was discovered that the vessel was on fire, and after searching found the fire to be under the hearth of the steerage fire-place. Every exertion was made to extinguish the flames, but to no purpose; and at about half past 10 o'clock, the captain and crew were obliged to take to their boat: the fire then bursting through the quarter deck.—They were about 10 or 12

hours W. by N. the wind blowing a gale from the N. W. and were left to the mercy of the waves without bread or water: at one o'clock the gale abated, and the wind came round to the eastward. They then steered west, in hopes to make land, and at half past 9 o'clock in the morning discovered land. It came on to blow and snow very hard; and about half past twelve, as they approached the land, the surf on the east side of Orleans beach (Cape Cod) ran to a prodigious height, and a long distance. The first comb of the surf, which was about 12 or 14 feet, filled the boat: the next which immediately followed, overfet her; and all hands were washed out. Captain Schott, W. Farrie, and Francis Stillin, were washed on shore; and Joshua Steenbrake, Thomas Coates, John Bosworth, Jacob W. Bell, and Julius Augustus, were drowned. The next day Thomas Coates, and J. W. Bell were picked up about five miles from where those who survived went on shore, and were decently interred in the burying ground at Orleans. The survivors received great benefit from the Charity-house, which stood near the place where they were drifted on shore, altho' it was destitute of fire works and clothing. They were treated with the greatest humanity by the inhabitants of the Cape—Captain Schott has arrived at Boston.

The sloop *Almena*, Bird, from Philadelphia for this port, is totally lost on the east end of Long-Island: one man drowned, and the pilot killed by falling from the main head.

A letter from an officer in the American Squadron at Gibraltar, says: "For the adjustment of the recent affairs with Morocco, our Commodore had an interview with the Emperor at Tangiers. The latter attended at the place with great pomp, guarded by 15,000 cavalry, and 5000 foot soldiers. Our Squadron were arranged in order to bombard the town in case war should be deter-

mined on. On the Commodore's proceeding on shore he was saluted by the guns of the three frigates and the mail vessels.—Peace was the result; salutes exchanged; and provision of every kind sent from the shore and distributed among our ships. We shall now proceed against the Tripolines—our rendezvous will be at Malta. We expect to be reinforced in spring by the Congress and Essex frigates."

It appears by the late accounts from Jamaica, that the remnant of the army of St. Domingo arrived there amounts only to about 3000 men. It is computed that the French government, during the last eight years, has poured into that Island at least 60,000 men: it follows therefore, that 57,000 souls have been sacrificed to a fruitless attempt to subjugate a colony which, in its most prosperous periods yielded comparatively but little to the mother country.

Major Robert Randall, the gentleman by whose enterprize the famous Bridgewater works, near Chippawa, were built, is among the unfortunate persons lately lost in the *Washington*, on lake Ontario. Mr. R. was from the state of Maryland, in which his friends are living.

The Paris papers to the 2d November state, that Bonaparte had not the least the capital; but private advices state his arrival on the coast. A few days previous to the above date he went on board a gun boat on the Seine, and exercised the men in the manœuvres of invasion; they had, as usual, their knapsacks on their backs, and their muskets slung to their sides. It appears, however, that the Consul has at length consented not to risk "his person and fortune," in a hazardous expedition against England. According to private letters, the farcical ceremony of entreaty took place on the 27th October. The hour of three on the 28th was appointed for the deputation from all the Constituted authorities to wait on him, and beseech him not to hazard their prosperity and the welfare of the state, by exposing himself to the perils of the expedition. The eagerness and impatience of his friends and the legislative bodies, however, precipitated the affecting scene, and at 2 o'clock there was posted on the walls of the Palais Royal the following placard:

"St. Cloud, Oct. 27, 6 o'clock in the evening.

"The country is saved once more—Bonaparte will not leave it."

The orators of the Senate, and the Tribunate attempted in vain to address the First Consul; their agitation, gentle souls, overcame them. One of these (M. de Jancourt) incapable of giving expression to his feelings, threw himself at the feet of the Consul, and extended his arms towards him. Bonaparte sprang forward, and folded him in his arms. A mixture of prayers, tears, and embraces succeeded. The First Consul began to be affected, and the scene terminated by his concession to the wishes of the French nation? Such was the farcical scene exhibited on that truly ridiculous occasion.

#### NATCHES, Dec. 31.

The following letter was received by the last Mail.

NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 20.

SIR—I have the pleasure to inform you that on this day the City of New-Orleans and its dependencies were amicably surrendered to the United States—And on this occasion I pray you to receive my sincere congratulations.

Accept assurances of great respect from your obt. servt.

WM. C. C. CLAIBORNE,

Hon. Secy of the M. T.

#### COURT OF HYMEN.

HYMEN makes known what human blessings he, In the chosen bosom of the capital see:  
The eddies of the beautiful forest, the dear delight;  
There bliss appears, and there joys unite:  
For female virtue was by heaven designed  
To charm, to polish, and to bless mankind.

#### MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M<sup>r</sup>. Knight, JOSEPH D. FAY, Esq. to Miss CAROLINE BROOME, daughter of Samuel Broome, Esq. of Greenfield Hill, Connecticut.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Morrell, Mr. WILLIAM M. GARTER, to Miss ISABELLA FOREYTH, both of this city.

On Wednesday last, At the Friends Meeting, STEPHEN GRELLEY, merchant of this city, to REBECCA COLLINS, daughter of H. Collins, Printer.

Same evening, at Staten Island, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. JESSE JOHNSON, to Miss RACHEL TOTTEN, daughter of Gilbert Totten, Esq. all of that place.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Phebus, Mr. JONAH SPOCK, to Mrs. SARAH TRAVERSE, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, on Thursday evening the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jansway, captain JOHN COFFIN, of New York, to Mrs. PATIENCE ADAMS, of Anwell New-Jersey, daughter of Wm. Bennett, Esq. of Anwell.

On Monday evening, will be presented a DRAMATIC ROMANCE, (never performed here) called,

#### A Tale of Terror.

With additional new Scenery and Machinery.

To which will be added, a Comedy in 3 acts, called,  
**Next-door Neighbors.**

For sale by JOHN C. TOTTEN, No. 155 Chatham-street, near the new Watch-House,

STELLA,

A Pastoral Tale, from the French of Florian.

ALSO, A

**GOLDEN TREASURY  
FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD,**

A new edition

➤ MUSIC BOOKS and RULED PAPER.

#### WET NURSE

A hale healthy woman, with a good breast of milk wants a place. Apply at the Union Furnace, Broadway or the yellow house on the left hand, in the front room at the Stone Bridge.

January 21, 1804.

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#### TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

W. S. TURNER, Surgeon Dentist, (from London) respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practices in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature and of so neat an appearance that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the face, without giving the least pain, or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging Tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Treatment has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention is exerted in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12 Dey-Street, where may be had his Paste and Antiseptic Tooth Powder.

January 20, 1804.

#### M. WATSON,

No. 18 Dey Street, has just opened an elegant assortment of CHILDREN'S LINEN, gentlemen's embroidered Shirts, Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c. also, Sheets, Towels, &c. &c.

Nov. 29.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### A TALE.

TOM HOGGARD was a waggish lad,  
As any in the village;  
And three lean feds was all he had,  
For riding, draught, and tillage.

With faggots to the neighboring town  
Oft crept his creaking waggon,  
While slow, along the dusty down,  
Behind the swain would lag on.

And always as that road he pass'd,  
A bonny Scot would meet him,  
With weighty pack his shoulders grac'd,  
And thus was fure to greet him;

"Ho! Jofkin, laddy, what d'ye buy?  
"I've mullins choice and plenty,  
"Laws, laces, cambrics, purchase, try,  
"I warrant I'll content ye,"

Thus once or twice a week at least,  
He found himself embarrass'd,  
And studied hard to turn the jest,  
On him who teas'd and harra's'd.

One day, as usual, on his road,  
He met the merchant toiling;  
And hail'd him thus, "man pitch your load,  
"And cease from your turmoiling;

"I want an article or two,  
"Come let us see your treasure,"  
"Aye, said the Scotchman, that I'll do,  
"And that wi' muckle pleasure."

With this the lumbering peck he pitch'd,  
First loosen'd from his shoulders,  
With wealth of either land enrich'd,  
The wonder of beholders.

With two brown hands upon the lid  
Tom rose, and lean'd him over,  
While Sawney rummag'd every lid  
His beauties to discover.

He held his pettes to the fan,  
And claiming due attention,  
His chapman told of every one,  
The praise he scarce could mention.

"Nor this, nor that," Tom coolly cried,  
"Will suit my inclination,"  
The trader's smile his heart belie'd,  
That rankled with vexation.

"But tell me plainly what you want?"  
The testy Scotchman grumbled,  
"Why what your walking warehouse han't  
The crafty Thomas mumbled.

Then added, with a sneering smile--  
"Your search, you may forbear it;  
"I wanted--a voie waggon wheel,  
"But you ha' nothing near it!"

FRENCH FASHIONS.--A Lady writes from Paris, that during the preparations for the invasion of England. BOWAPARTS is trembling, MOREAU blushing, CORNOR laughing. BARTHIA shuddering, SIBYES smiling, TALLEYAND fighting, FOUCHÉ groaning, the Generals bowing, the Admirals sneering, the soldiers singing, the sailors crying, the merchants grumbling, the clergy praying, and the people paying.

A Yarmouth paper tells a story of a Mr. TRAGUE, of Camboon, presenting his fowling-piece at an adder, which instantly sprung head-foremost into the muzzle of his gun, and stuck there, which caused the gun to burst on firing. This, however, is not so surprising as what happened to a of the French artillery on the bank of the Nile when a crocodile jumped into a very large howitzer, which instantly burst, without doing the slightest injury to the crocodile.

### NOTICE.

All persons are hereby forbid trusting my wife, Catharine Sisson on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

PRESERVED SISEN.

January 6, 1804. 783--6w.

## MORALIST.

"We all fade as a leaf."--Isaiah.

THIS, it is probable, was an antient self-tuition made by the prophet, while he was witnessing, in some solitary walk, the foresta depolled of their "leafy honors," and the face of nature desolated by the dreary blasts of November. Still, however it is a reflection so true in itself, and of so much importance to mankind, that it may be made, with propriety at any season of the year, or in any stage of life.

Much has been said upon the shortness of human life, both by the moralist and the divine; and much, very much, may be read upon this subject by every one who will be at the pains of calling his eyes into the extensive volume of nature, which is always open for perusal. It is a subject in which all are interested, and upon which all ought seriously, and frequently to contemplate. Wherever we turn our eyes, we are presented with objects that show us our frailty. The brevity and uncertainty of life is the subject of every tongue; and yet, few conduct as if they expected it would ever have a termination.

See the lovely, the benevolent Ardelia, who, but yesterday, enjoyed all the vigor of health, and all the sprightliness of youth now stretched pale, wan and dejected, upon the bed of languishment! See that face where lately smiles and roses were blended, now saddened by pain and sickness! See the cold damps of death fast gathering upon her cheek, while nature still struggles to prevent the approach of the universal destroyer! See her friends, whose hearts are lacerated by grief, crowding around her bed side, and endeavoring, by tears and caresses to soften the rigor of her fate, and snatch her from his cruel embraces! But nothing can avail: The bloom upon her cheek, the sprightliness of her mind, and the vigor of her constitution, all have "faded like a leaf!" Ardelia must die!

Thus disease and death are continually making inroads upon our peace; throwing the heart in sackcloth, and the countenance in clouds of sadness. While, therefore, we are sorrowfully anticipating the loss of friends, or dropping a tear at their departure, let us recollect that soon our leaves of hope will soon wither, and the blossoms of existence will fade and fall as fast as their own. Health and innocence, are proof against the malice of the King of Terrors.

### Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin, particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burns, Shingles, Scorbatic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Prickly Heat, Redness of the Nose, Neck, Arms, &c.

Are effectually and speedily cured by  
Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most sanctorous and alarming scurf in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common trash--Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses! Suffice it however to say, it has been administered to many thousands in the United States and W. India with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. A small bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its value.

Price 75 cents.

Prepared and sold at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-street, near the Fly-Market, N. York. Dec. 3.

### M. NASH'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, No. 79 BEEKMAN STREET.

LATELY added to this Library, the Encyclopedia Britannica, with the Supplement, 20 vols. 4to. The Preceptor, containing a system of education, 2 vols. 8vo. Hayley's Life of Cowper, N. Y. edition, a vol. in 2, 8vo. Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, 8vo. Hall's tales in Poetry, 8vo. Burns's Poems, 8vo. British Theatre, 34 vols. Butler's Hudibras, 1800. Together with several other valuable publications, and a variety of the most esteemed Novels, Romances and Plays. The terms for Subscribers and readers by the single volume, may be known by enquiring at the Library between the hours of 6 and 9 in the evening. Dec. 17.

Three or four gentlemen can be accommodated with BOARD & LODGING, also furnished rooms to let. enquire at No. 225 Water-Street on the corner leading to one Wharf.

THE ACADEMY No. 417 Pearl Street is now occupied by SAMUEL MOOR, late teacher at Greenwich.--- If a sincere desire for, accompanied with the most assiduous exertions to promote the best interests of the rising generation merits patronage, the subscriber hopes that a generous public will encourage him in the arduous but delightful task of leading the tender minds of their children along the flowery paths of Science. The public may rest assured that it shall be his highest ambition to establish the female a nursery of virtue, morality and propriety of deportment, and render it worthy the attention of those who are duly sensible of the importance of a good education which may place their children above the reach of a treacherous world, and invest them with an inheritance, of which the most adverse vicissitudes of fortune cannot deprive them. The room is spacious, retired from noise, and convenient for the accommodation both of young ladies and gentlemen. An evening school is also kept for teaching Reading & Writing, with the Mercantile and Mathematical branches. SAMUEL MOOR.

### WITHOUT SEAM.

### PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he still continues carrying on the above business and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the express purpose, from one to seven yards in width, toge her with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the business on a more extensive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to serve his customers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimensions, equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much shorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Those ladies and gentlemen, who wish to be supplied with the above articles for the approaching summer, will do well to forward their orders soon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the spring, as some time is necessary for seasoning.

Orders left at Olbourn and Van Nostrand's, No. 7 Beekman Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Island, will be assiduously attended to. Dec. 17

MISS SULLIVAN  
Relapsing friends and the public, that she has opened a DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL, in Cherry-Street No. 99, a few doors from the New-Slip, for the reception of Young Ladies. She flatters herself, by her attention to the intellects and improvement of those who may be intrusted to her care, to merit a liberal share of encouragement. Those Ladies who would wish to be completed in writing, by applying to Miss Sullivan will be taught that art in a few lessons only; and such as cannot make it convenient to come to her School, she will if required, attend them at their houses.

N. B. Cards of the terms may be had at No. 63 Cherry Street, or at her School. Dec. 3, 18.

### LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE'S improved shining liquid blacking for boots shoes and all leathers that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never soils. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail and for exportation, by J. Tice at his perfumery store, No. 112 William Street, and by G. Camp, No. 143 Pearl Street, where all orders will be thankfully received and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. Tice, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 17.

### NEW NOVEL.

This day published by BURNTON and DARLING, No. 116 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel; ZAIDA or the DETHRONEMENT OF MUHAMMED IV; a novel founded on historic facts, translated from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue, never before published in the English language; to which is added an historic drama called the BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN, by the same author.

### NEW-YORK,

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